STUNNING FASHIONS AND PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS IN HOMEMAKING FOR EVERY WIFE



HER SECOND **GIGGLEHOOD** ELLEN ADAIR



The Woman Who Aspires to Be Juvenile

plorable spectacle than that of the midpartive ways are really disconcerting to body older." per friends. It is so difficult to know just brhat attitude to take towards her. For he is very sensitive on the subject of her age, and one must be particularly careful not to offend her by any misplaced remark or untimely observation which might serve to date her as not befor quite the youthful creature she aspires to be.

The different "lines" which the aspirant toward extreme youthfulness adopts are very hard to understand. For instance, I have in mind one woman of my acquaintance whose long suit, as it were, is a perpetual giggle. Why the elderly and unmarried woman of uncertain years should feel it incumbent upon herself to go through life simpering is a mystery! But so it is in this particular case. As an acquaintance put it very tersely, she is indeed "in her Second Giggiehood."

And it deceives nobody. For there is a lack of spontaneity in that too-ready sound of mirth. It has an artificial ring to it that will throw cold water on the brightest joke, the most amusing sally. Small wonder, then, that the lady of the Second Gigglehood is scarcely popular! She only cares about running around with the younger set, and the younger set are not overanxious to include her in their program.

For she is no addition to the company, unless in one respect-and that is in her servility. For the woman who aspires to be extremely youthful is generally ready dle age. to pay for associating with youth in either of two ways. Firstly, if she is a woman of means, she will entertain young people lavishly and spend any amount of money to buy their companionship and be classed as a pal and a "good fellow" among them. Or, secondly, if her means do not permit of this, she will be slavishly servile and take upon herself all the odd and unpleasant jobs that no one else is yearning to handle.

In either case the spectacle is pathetic. The woman in her Second Gigglehood is more to be pitied than censured. True, her ready laughter may sound as the proverblal crackling of thorns under a pot. But it is lonely and hollow laughter and deceives nobody, not even herself.

The woman who aspires to take 20 years off her age is nearly always a gusher, too. For giggling and gushing go together. "How dear and quaint of you to do suchand-such!" she will exclaim, perpetually. The phrase is an annoying one. But the woman of my acquaintance who is in her ond Gigglehood is never without it. Everything is "dear and quaint"-from the iceman who brings his load in the morning, to the latest thing in sermons or religious instruction.

If the conversation turns to events of wich if it stands.

There is no more immentable and de- | even 10 years ago, this youthful lady's memory at once falls her. "Oh, don't die-aged woman masquerading as Sweet ask mel" she will murmur coyly. "I was and Twenty. Her playful gambols and the merest child at the time! Ask some-

> If reference is made to some contemporary, the same lady will murmur: "How well I remember meeting Mrs. Soand-So for the first time! I was the tinlest little tot in the kindergarten then, and she seemed such a great big fine person to me! Isn't she sweet? Bo dear and quaint!"

> Yes, the lady in her Second Gigglehood is decidedly fatiguing. The type has grown stronger in recent years, for it has the strong backing of paint and powder and transformations and various "aids" that to a certain extent can hide age. But only to a certain extent, be it understood. For neither middle age nor old age nor youth can ever be really

natural is the greatest beauty of all, there would be fewer strivings after these youthful effects that only render the

youthful effects that only render the would-be juvenile ridiculous.

The period of youth is beautiful. But it has many disadvantages, many awkward corners, many "gaucheries" that only mance is dear?

Did you gove receive a Velentine of middle age will remove. And middle age can be made just as beautiful as youth. Then why shun middle age? For in middle age, not only should physical beauty be at its height, but the mind should be at its brightest and best. The woman who is alert and interested in the things that matter will be at her prime in mid-

The foolish woman who is striving after youthful effects should resolve to be her own true self. Let her come forth from her Second Gigglehood and, resolving to abandon the ludicrous pursuit of the arti-ficial, become a delightful and interesting member of society and at the same time her own natural and honest self.

A Valentine Party

No day could be more appropriate to announce an engagement than Saint Valentine's Day. This is the occasion for much festivity anyhow, and the girl who wants to let her friends know of her good fortune, couldn't choose a better time. If you are at all inclined to be superstitious, you may also be impressed by the old be-lief that happiness is supposed to follow the couple who make their announcement

on the feast of good Saint Valentine.

The valentine party need not be such an elaborate affair, and the little hostess who wants to economize can do so beauti fully. In the first place, your lunch can be very simple, consisting either of plain ice cream and cake, or sandwiches, salad and coffee. A good idea is to go to one of the stores and buy a heart-shaped cake cutter, and by cutting your bread in very thin slices you can stamp it with this very easily. Lettuce sandwiches may be used; they are delicious when you shred the leaves and season well with salt, pepper and mayonnaise. Remember to add the mayonnaise last, in fact, jus before you put the sandwiches on the table, as it will make a very soggy sand-

hidden. Truth will out, as the old saying pining for some heart? Even hearts now come as packaged goods, and you can buy them any size by the dozens for 10.

If women would only realize that every period of life is beautiful, and that to be preferred size. If you need invitations,

slight, and remember, he passes his col-lection box but once a year!

size-but all of paper!

come in cardiac form.

The Valentine Oh! little loveliest lady mine, What shall I send for your valentine? Summer and flowers are far away; Gloomy old winter is king today. Buds will not blow, and sun will not

What shall I do for a valentine? I've searched the garden all through and through For a bud to tell of my love so true;

But buds are asleep, and blossoms are dead. And the snow beats down on my poor little head.

So, little loveliest lady mine.

Here is my heart for your valentine! LAURA ELIZABETH RICHARDS.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Lord Wim

"Of course. There is the same blood in their veins. Well, that is Ricardo Moriet and his wife and son. The woman is dead—she died four years ago and is buried at Berck. I have seen her tomb—

"And the son-the heir to the title and

"Well, he is, of course, dead too, my lord. That is without doubt." Lord Wimberiev passed his hand across his forehead. "It beats me entirely," he said. "It seems as if they had all gone

mad."

"Not so, my lord. There was—what do you call it—method in their madness." It was obvious that all the three brothers were in this 'game.' If one can call it such. Richardo Meriet brought your nephew to Berck in the yacht, and handed

estates?"





A Lace Frock for the South

the station and we motored straight to tropical and brilliant. the hotel, which faces the sea and is quite crowded with visitors at present.

I was introduced to Elinor's grand-aunt, a dear old lady, and she told me she was feeling ever so much better and she hoped I'd enjoy my visit immensely. I'm guite sure I shall.

The first thing I wanted to do was bathe! The sea looked perfectly gorgeous in the afternoon sunlight, and the beach is just fascinating. But it seemed that an afternoon dansant at the hotel was about to take place, and Elinor had arranged that we should attend.

It was a most interesting affair and quite different from anything of the sort I have ever seen. A wooden floor, specially designed for dancing, was fixed outside in a sort of courtyard beneath the waving palm trees. The Viennese orchestra was almost hidden behind a bank of flowers, and the air was soft and

I have just arrived at Palm Beach and . Elinor introduced several men to ma. am having a perfectly levely time. It and I noticed they were all in white is a most beautiful place, and I am sure fiannels. Lots of the girls were white my two weeks' visit will pass only too serge skirts and sweaters of various bellquickly. My friend Eliner met me at llant colors. The whole scene was most

The frock I wore was of white lace over peach-bloom satin. The design is exclusive, and the embroidery is really

beautiful. The short-waisted bodice is fastened all the way up with mother-of-pearl buttons, and the high collar is particularly smart with its turnover effect.

The skirt is rather full and gathered into a yoke, which boasts of five circular rows of lace trimming. The same trim-ming adorns the hem of the gown, the latter, of course, being very uneven in the new style. Hand-embroidered lace gowns are seen

everywhere here. Of course, they are rather expensive—unless one has the en-ergy to do the embroidering oneself. Many a winter evening I spent over embro ing this one, but the result quite justifies the trouble taken.

The return to lace gowns is a distinct

reversion to old styles. For quite a long period they went entirely out. But they are so very becoming to every one that one, indeed, welcomes their return

Favors for St. Valentine

If you are giving a dance on St. Valentine's Day, or if you are fortunate-or unfortunate-enough to be on the committee in charge of one, perhaps you would appreciate this method of making dance programs. Buy same red and some white cardboard and out of this cut heart; about four inches deep. Tie a red and s white heart together and write on each "first half," and "second half." The best thing to use in tying the two together is a red cord and tiny pencil, which can be bought for 10 cents.

A cute idea for a place-card at the fam-

ily dinner is the photographic card. Look over the snapshots which you may have in the house and select one of the "pet" of each member of the family. For instance, father should have a little print of his favorite picture of mother, big brother should have a summer snap of his latest case, and so on. It will cause much amusement when they sit down to the table and find these little reminders there. Mount the small photos on a heartshaped card, either red or white. Over this lightly attach a heart of tissue paper the same size as the other one and a jingle, like the following:

If you have let naught come between In all these years together, Remove the paper and, I ween. The face of one will there be seen Good for all sorts of weather.

The inveterate puzzle fiend will appre-ciate the valentine made like a puzzle picture. Select colored pictures of cupids. lovers and such appropriate symbols and paste them on stiff cardboard. When they are dry, cut them out with a sharp knife. Then cut them again into about 20 irregular pieces. These can be all placed together in a heart-shaped box and tied with red ribbon.



PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mrs. Margaret A. Leary, 1534 North Reddied street, Philadelphia, for the following sug-gestion:

Before discarding an old ice chest, which had outworn its use, my husband removed the zinc and covered the kitchen table, first placing molding around the edges, so as to prevent the water from falling on the floor. This is equal in every way to the quite expensive zinc tables found in the department stores. The remaining zinc he nailed to a wooden frame, which makes an elegant tray under the gas stove, the zinc being especially easy

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. W. S. Kuser, 536 South 52d street, Phil-adelphia, for the following suggestion:

The clothespin, as an apple corer, recalled another good use for it, though in this instance it is the "spring" clothespin, which is: To keep the morning newspapers from blowing away, when left on the front porch or at the doorstep, get the carrier to snap it into a "spring" clothespin which you have fastened to the end of a twine tled to the ralling.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to A B. O. N., 3818 Spruce street, for the following suggestion:

Finding that I needed a box couch for a guest and having no other space for it than the living room, I evolved the scheme of making it more attractive and comfortable. From a nearby lumber mill I ordered the following: Five 3x1/4 inch pards, 30 inches long; four 2x3 pards, 30 inches long; two 1x3 boards, 33 inches long; one 1x3 board, six feet long, of Cypress, and all planed for the sum of \$2. Of the \$x\frac{1}{2} inch boards, three are attached to the middle of the back about eight inches apart, The four 2x3 form posts for the corners and the other boards are connected to the posts and boards, mitred at the corthe posts and boards, mitred at the cor-ners, and form the top of the couch. All are attached to the couch by three-inch screws, near the part that rests on the floor.

the floor. From a mattress place I ordered felt padding: one piece two yards long is inches deep, and two pieces 30 by 16, at a cost of \$4. I upholstered them to match the couch. Then I stained the wood mathe couch. Then I stands the other furni-hogany color to match the other furni-ture, with the result that the living room ture, with the result that the living room still has a certain air of formality, wh a box couch, to my idea, destroys, and for a little labor and \$6 we have an attractive comfortable sofa, and the space to

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. E. F. Bird. 324 State street. Camden, N. J., for the following suggestion:
One of the best uses for an old phone book is: Place it on the end of the ironing board, as a pad, to clean the tron; as the leaves soil or burn, test

store things that a box couch affords.

Across the Counter

tirely uged.

Milady wears white broadcloth arctics now, and they are pretty enough with their furry wool lining and high tops. They are large enough to fit over the shoe and can be used like carriage boots.

They cost \$3.50.

Flouncings for the early spring uniform the sale. At it Flouncings for the early spring undergarments are now on sale. At 31 and 50 cents a, yard you can get rail wide ones, pure white, and just the thing for a fancy petticoat.

Allover opalescent material, that is, opalescent motifs on a net foundation is a glimmering fabric for an evening gown. It sells for \$3 up to \$7 a yard.

All the stores are selling valentings. You can get sentiment very cheaply in-

You can get sentiment very cheaply in-deed, from 25 cents up.

The robe seems to be coming into style

again. One large store is showing variety of white voile robes, embroidered in blue and lavender flowers. The work is really beautiful and they cost lis

Tunics of cut jet or opalescent heads

Tunics of cut jet or opalescent according to the plain white foundation. These vary in price, according to the maioral. Baby's bootees are always gatting solled, and must be bought frequently. Just now a large Market street store is having a sale of little shoes, at 10 cents a pair.

The Trend of is toward a more shapely digure. The new this tendency. The important thing will be to have the corset at ted skillfully. We'll be glad to do this for you! 3316

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER A Gripping Story of Love, Mystery and Kidnapping By CLAVER MORRIS

A LACE FROCK FOR THE SOUTH

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Mr. Winter Gets Busy

tossed cold spray over the piers and they pounded the water on the beach.

"Can't you be quiet a minute?" asked Mr. Winter when he had stood the noise as long as he wanted to, "don't you know that I'm tired of such a racket as you "We don't want to stop!" exclaimed the

waves teasingly, "we like to pound and we like to roar, that's the nice part about winter. We can rage and storm all we mleano."

"Oh, can you!" exclaimed Mr. Winter, "well, I'll have to stop that, I'll stop that You can't stop us!" taunted the waves. "we can roar and pound all we please,

you can't stop us!"
Now the waves shouldn't have spoken so tauntingly. They made old Mr. Winter very angry. Nobody likes to be spoken to

very angry. Nobody likes to be spoken to that way-you don't yourself, and Mr. Winter didn't like it even as well as you might. He didn't like it one little bit!

"I'll have to see about those waves," he said to himself, "I've neglected them too long. They are getting decidedly uproarious! No need to turn the world over to them, I better show them that I am master here!"

"Show us, show us," taunted the waves.

Show us, show us," taunted the waves Wildly, "you can't do a thing to us!"
That made Mr. Winter madder than



You ours stop us!" tounted the waves er, just as the waves knew it would, d he less no time getting to work. "Come over and help me awaile," be

way, I want the air cold," he said authorates, "don't come back till a day." And they went away. " what shall we do?" esized his "be're here to gbey?" and you to freeze up this lake," to Mr. Winter.

g up the lakel" exclatmed Jack

in a pretty hig job?" howind Mr.

program, appealed to postul that-

FTHE angry waves dashed high. They | tering fashion, Jack Frost and Mr. North Wind could do nothing but get to work.

The North Wind blew and Jack Frost froze the waves as fast as they blew upon the beach. Almost as quickly as I can tell you about it, they had a rim of ice along the edge of the water. "That's the way to do it," encouraged

"Don't you freeze us any more!" shouted the waves, and they pounded harder than ever so they couldn't be caught and

But it was of no use for the waves to struggle. When old Mr. North Wind and Jack Frost make up their minds to do something, that thing gets done-of that

you may be sure.

Before the night came the waves were locked up tight and strong in chains of ice and the beach was as quiet and still as on a summer's eve!

Then Mr. Winter heaved a great sigh and took a nap. Copyright, 1918-Clara Ingram Judson.

Kid's Chronicle

E AND pop was ceting brekfist this M moarning, and I startld to eet my oatmeel, and wat was it but berned. Wat are you making sutch a terribil fase about, you look like a Japanees war

said Lord Wimberiey impatiently. "Are you sure of your facts?"

"Quite sure." he replied, and taking an envelope from his pocket he drew out a faded photograph and handed it to Lord Wimberiey. It represented, in a smudgy sort of way, a man, a woman, and a boy of about ten on the sands.

"I got that," said Lopes, "from the conclerge of the apartments where they lived. It cost me 60 france."

Lord Wimberiey studied the photograph carefully. Then he picked up a magnifying glass from a table and examined the picture through the lens.

"It is certainly very like Dick Meriet," he said, "and the boy is not unlike my poor little nephew when he was that age."

"Of course. There is the same blood mask, sed pop. My oatmost is berned, I sed. Wat of that, sed pop, its not the out-

meels fawit, is it.

No sir, I sed, I sint blaming it awn the catmeel.

Then, in justice to the catmeel, go shed

and est it, sed pop, wen I was a boy and ust to est catmed, nuthing pleased me moar than to diskuvvir that it was berned. Wy, bekause you dident haff to cet it

Sertany not, bekause then I injoyed it most, wy, I remembir ixclaiming with glee, Herray, herray, my catmeels berned

agen, sed pop.

Then they must of had sum uthir way of berning it than wat they have now,

Not at awi, they berned it ixackly the saim, and id be giad to set it, if I ats catment, sed pop. And he startid to krack his egg open and taisted it and made a fearase fase, proberty beeing fearaser than the wun I made, ony I dident see that

Wats the mattir, pop, is yure ogg bad

Wais the mattir, pop, is yure egg bad, I sed.

Had, sed pop, wy this is wun of the eggs that Noah refused admission to the ark. And he kepp trying to got the talst out of his mouth with his mapkin, and I sed, I bet it sint eny werse cetting a bad ear than wat it is cetting berned carned.

Nonecuts, its about a millyin times were, thares no comparison, sed pop.

Wall, if you set the egg III set the ent-mest, I sed.

nephew to Berck in the yacht, and handed him over to the other two. Then Ricardo Mariet took his own son on the boat."
"By Jove!" and Lord Wimberley, rising from his chair in his excitement. "I believe you may be right."
"I know that I am right, my lord. The boy in the train was cartainly not Henry Volucourt, or else why should they drughtm? And it was only natural that the son should go with his father."

Lord Wimberley paced up and down the room. "I see, I see," he said quickly, "Of course, Dick Mariet wished to put every one off the secon. He knew that the police of Europe were trying to find him, Well, if you set the egg III eat the catmest, I sed.
increasy not, the advantidge wood awl
be awn pure side, sed nop.
Then you set the onimeel and III set
the egg, I sed.
Mr. specialis, look at the time, III haff
to rush away, have a sent to spend at
recess, sed pop. and he quick got up and
want out, heaving his eag thare, and aftir
a tells I went out to so to skeel leaving
ary as leaved above.

face, and he clenched his right hand.
"But there is one left," he said. "There is Herbert Meriet—we know now that he look for-the big man with the false beard. After much labor I traced the party back to Paris, which they had left that night I met them in the train, and I found out where they had stayed—a reis guilty. Mr. Murray, who is still in the hbrary-has come here with evidence that proves his guilt. And now you-with your sort of thieves and people of that sort. And it was there I found out that they had come to Paris from Berck. It cost story-we will get him-sooner or later Look here, I'd like Murray to come in and meet you and hear your story. Three heads are better than two." me money to find out that, I can tell you —nearly all I had. And so I went to Berck." The footman entered with the wine and left the room. Lopez drank half a tumbler and lit his cigar. "At Berck I stayed for a month, and I got news of a little yacht that might have been the one that was wrecked off the

Lord Wimberley left the room and returned with the detective. Murray bowed coldly. He was not at all pleased to find that another person was in the field with information of the greatest importance. Lord Wimberley smiled as he saw the two men regarding each other with dealite and district.

coast of Spain, and I found out that a man like your Ricardo Meriet had visited the place from time to time for many years, that he went under the name of Voincourt, and that he was married and had a son." dislike and distrust.
"Now, I want you two to be good friends," he said. "We've all got to pull together if we are going to bring this together if we are going to bring this scoundrel to justice. Murray, I have promised Senor Lopez 10,000 pounds if Herbert Merlet is found. I promise you the same. You've both worked hard and "Great Scott!" ejaculated Lord Wimberley. "I don't think any one here knew that. A son? Then the boy is my heir, and those other two-William and Herbert Merfet-upon my word, this is a startling plece of news."

"And there is news yet more startling, my lord. Oh, I have been very patient and have gone very slowly, and the path has led me into great expenses."

"Oh. don't worry about the expense," said Lord Wimberley impatiently. "Are you sure of your facts?" deserve the money."

The words acted like magic. Storm gave place to sunshine. Murray held out his hand and the Spanlard grasped it. Then they seated themselves over the fire, and Lopez retold his story, starting at the point where he had first met the three passengers in the train from Paris to

The detective asked questions from time to time, and when the narrative was finished he leaned back in his chair and gazed thoughtfully at some bronzes on the nantelpiece.

"Well?" said Lord Wimberley, after pause. "What's the next thing to be done?" Murray rose from his chair. "I will go over myself to Berck," he replied, "and make inquiries. Senor Lopes has done well-wonderfully well; but he was hampered by not being able to take the French police into his confidence. I will go over there, and at the same time see if I can get any news of the subsequent movements of Herbert Meriet. New I'm afraid I must be getting back

to Harptree, my lord."
Lord Wimberley ordered his motorcar, and when it was at the door he took the detective aside into the library, "I'd like to make one point clear," he

said. "I have promised you 19,000 pounds. You would not be entitled to more than half." "That is true, my lord. You are very No, I am not. The other 5000 pounds

is for a great service I wish you to "What is that, my lord?" "This blackmailing of my sister-in-law by Vertigan. That must not come out. You must use your influence to keep that

"Oh, I can manage that, my lord."
"Thops so. Well, good-night."
The detective scated himself in the motor and drove off through the dark-

"It's all as plain as daylight." he said to himself. He thought that John Ericigh had been forced into the plot by Vertigan, who had some hold over him. Well, Verti-gan was dead, and he had died in France, and there the matter could very well end —so far as Detective Inspector Murray

CHAPTER NEEVL.

CHAPTER XXXV (Continued).

In ouse to look for William Meriet or the girl that might have been a boy. One cannot find people at the bottom of the sea. So there was the other man to look for—the big man with the false of the sea. So there was the other man to look for—the big man with the false of the sea. So there was the other man to look for—the big man with the false of the sea. The sea of the sea of the sea. The sea of the sea. The sea of the

world. Her outlook on life was as gloomy as the view from the window. It seemed as though the sun would never shine through the clouds again. By a cruel decree of fate her heart was torn asunder by those she loved. Whether she married Jim Travers without her mother's consent, or whether she did not marry him, there could only be unhappiness for her in the future.

Then there was the quarrel between her nother and John Erleigh. She was longing to bring these two together again, but could see no way of doing it. When the servants had told her of her mother's visit on the previous day, she had rushed to her father's study to hear the good news. But at the first sight of her father's face hope had died away again. She knew that there had been no reconcilla-tion. Whatever had happened to divide them, the sting of it still remained. could have been no mere quarrel. It was something more serious—something that had bitten deep into their two lives.

She was wondering whatever could have been the cause of separation between two people who were so fond of each other when the door opened and John Erleigh, still in his cap and gown, entered the room. He placed his cap on the top of the plane and came toward Joan with the plane and came toward Jean with a letter in his hand. His cheeks were flushed, and there was an unusual sparkle

in his eyes. "Good news," he said with a laugh. "Can you guess what it is?"

The girl shook her head, and then, springing to her feet, came towards him.
"You—you don't mean," she atammered, "that mother is coming back here

-for good?" "No, my dear child," Erleigh answered with a smile. "Your mother has to go back to the south of France. She only came over here on business, and is going back to Nice tomorrow. But this letter is from her. Now can't you guess the good news?"

"No-" she faltered, and all the light

good news?"
"No-" she faltered, and all the light died out of her eyes.
"Why, you little goese, your mother has written to say that she will give her

consent to—"
She flung her arms round him, stifling the words on his lips.
"Oh, you dear, you dear!" she cried.
"Oh, how splendid—how—how wonderful—but let me read the letter—every word of it."

of it."

His fingers cipsed on the letter, crumpling it into a bail of paper. She tried to force it out of his hand.

"No. Joan-no. my child," he said, rather sharply. "There are things in this letter that are not for your eyes. Hut you can take it from me that your mother has withdrawn her objection to your marriage, and she wants to see your your marriage, and she wants to see you in London before she leaves for Nice. You are to go up by the 9 o'clock train tomerrow morning.

Me crossed the room and flung the let-ter into the fire. When the blaze had died away he turned to Joan and asked her if it wasn't time for tea.
"Yes, of course-how selfish of me, and you haven't much time, have you? You have to be at work again in half an hour."

hour."
She rang the bell, but before the servant brought in the tes the sound of a motorcer was heard systeids, and the girl brought in a note John Brisigh toro it upon and his face dericated.
"You should I can't stop for tes, Jean,"

He made his way out into the hall, took off his gown and put on an overcoat and hat. The message from Lord Wimberley had been peremptory, and John Erleigh was not in a position to disregard it. Lord Wimberley might yet carry out his threat and destroy the school—break down the fabric that had taken so many years

o build. Half an hour later, however, when he reached Monksilver, he was surprised to find that Lord Wimberley was not in to receive him.
"Where is his lordship?" he asked the

cotman, when he was shown into the footman, when he was shown into the library.

"I do not know, sir," said the footman.
"I thought he was in here, but I have no doubt he will return in a minute or two, if you have an appointment with him. Shall I turn up the lights, sir?"

"No, thank you—the firelight is enough for me at you."

for me—at present."

The man left the room, and then Er-leigh seated himself in a chair by the fire.
It was a high-backed Chippendale arm-chair with projecting wings on either side to keep off the draughts that were con mon enough in the sitting rooms of the 18th century. Erleigh took out his pipe and began to fill it. When he had lit the

obacco he leaned back and crossed his There was, without doubt, a trying interview before him. He did not exactly know why Lord Wimberley had sent for him, but he had a very shrewd idea that Lord Wimberley was going to cross-question him about his wife's absence, and probably also about Vertigan. It was even possible that Lady Wimberley had written to her brother-in-law, and taken him into her confidence and asked for his advice. It was not very likely, but all the same she had no one clase to go to for either advice or help.

Unpleasant visions of a very ugly scene rose up before John Erleigh's eyes as he watched the smoke from the pipe curl up to the celling. He could not help remembering that Lord Wimberley was waiting for an opportunity to ruin him. It was possible that Lord Wimberley might think the opportunity had now arrived, that he could strike the husband without injuring the wife.

(Continued Mondey) There was, without doubt, a trying in-

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A Valentine

The wise forget, dear heart; They leave the past And play the hero's part. Brave to the last.

They weep not nor regret, Calm are their eyes. Dear heart, the wise forget— I am not wise! GILLESPY. For Baby

To keep a baby covered in his crib, double a sheet or blanket, lay it length-wise in the crib under the mattress, and then, after baby is in, fold each end and tuck him in.

For a Cold If you have a cold bake a lemon thoroughly tirtle it is tander, cut if in half, surjokin each half with augus and un